

Miscellaneous.

SUNDAY SCHOOL PROFESSORSHIP IN MARYVILLE COLLEGE, EAST TENNESSEE.

This College, located at Maryville, sixteen miles by rail south of Knoxville, has for forty years been a blessing to all East Tennessee. The endowment of four Professorships is needed to place the Institution on a permanent basis; a New England Professorship, a New York Professorship, a Pennsylvania Professorship, and a Sunday School Professorship. More than half of the amount necessary to complete the New England Professorship has been raised, and the balance it is hoped will be procured by the first of January next.

Meanwhile many friends of this movement have urged the endowment of a Professorship through the Sabbath Schools, believing that a hundred Sunday Schools can be found that will cheerfully appropriate \$250 each, to secure it. Some are doing nobly for Home Missions, and other benevolent enterprises. Over forty of these have intimated a willingness to co-operate in this first effort of the kind in the world to found a Sunday School Professorship in a Christian College.

Nearly thirty of our pulpits are vacant, and our Sunday Schools need the invigorating influence of a settled minister to make them efficient. Since the College resumed operations, twelve candidates for the ministry have reported themselves in various stages of preparation, indicating clearly that God is with us. Will not pastors and superintendents who may read this appeal, lay the matter before the Teachers of their Sunday Schools, at as early a day as practicable, and notify me on their action? Not a dollar that they contribute will be laid out for brick and mortar, but all be sacredly invested in Government securities, and the interest, alone, employed in sustaining a Christian Professor. It will take until next January to obtain the number of schools required to go into this agreement, so that arrangements for the present year need not be disturbed; but in December, should the requisite number then be had, a circular will be sent with the names, to each of the Sabbath Schools interested, and the whole Professorship will be secured by a simultaneous movement early next year.

One Sabbath School in New York City has already agreed to contribute \$500 towards this object. In most cases, \$250 will probably be given in one year, but where it is preferred, two years will be allowed for the payment, in order that there may be no reasonable doubt as to the success of the endowment.

Quarterly Missionary letters about the Sunday School work in East Tennessee, will be written to each Sabbath School that enters into this agreement, and ultimately a beautiful Certificate surmounted with a picture of College Buildings and grounds be forwarded to them.

Many of our Sabbath Schools are aiding in the Christian education of heathen children in Persia, China, and India; and is not the call legitimate to found a Sunday School Professorship, whose influence shall be felt for many generations in Christianizing our own people?

To Presbyterians this call is special. We have one whole Synod, embracing fifty-five loyal churches that have suffered terribly by the war, and Maryville College is the only Institution to which we can turn with any reasonable hope for ministers to supply our destination. Will not our brethren do what they can to help us in this great work committed to us? If we are sustained, our church, with the blessing of God, will expand rapidly towards the Gulf of Mexico.

One man has given \$5000, and another \$4000 towards the general endowment.

Printed forms of the subscription will be found in this office, which may be filled up and returned to Rev. Samuel Sawyer, Agent Maryville College, East Tennessee, care Rev. H. Keadall, D.D., 150 Nassau Street, New York.

POWER OF THE CHURCH TO EVANGELIZE THE WORLD TO-DAY.

In connection with these facts it should be also kept in mind, that the spiritual Church of Christ now holds a trust of wealth and power which is more adequate to such a work than at any time before. It is a simple matter of statistics, that there has been no retrogression in the resources of the Church since the enterprise was first inaugurated. The increase of her membership, including all evangelical denominations in the estimate, has more than kept pace with the increase of population in the nation at large. It is computed that no less than six million, or 18 per cent., of our people are, by profession, consecrated to the service of Christ; and in all the qualifications essential to the energetic prosecution of the work of missions, there has been undoubted progress. The wealth of the land is largely in the hands of Christians. The influence of the Church is felt in all the public and social enterprises of life. The great Christian ideas of Law and Liberty, have been more and more deeply wrought into the frame work of our institutions; and the Church, as a whole, is more deeply conscious of her responsibility for the discharge of her manifold trusts than ever before. What ever may be affirmed of the deficiency of a true, unreserved consecration to the interests of Christ's kingdom at home and abroad, it must, at least, be acknowledged that in all that pertains to the possession of power for aggressive effort, the Church of Christ stands now in a better position for great attempts and great achievements than at any time in her previous history.

Now, with these facts before us, the world's accessibility, the progress which the work has already made, and the increasing power, wealth and influence of the Church of Christ, we may venture to answer the question, in which this discussion culminates: "Is the Church able, in the present generation, to make the gospel known to the whole world, according to her Lord's command?" Assuming that the unevangelized populations of the globe amount to one thousand millions, and that access to these should continue to open for the next twenty years, as rapidly as has been the case during the same time in the past, what amount of

Christian effort would be needed to bring them all under the enlightening influence of the gospel? If we concede that the efforts of a single missionary would suffice in twenty years to bear the glad tidings to ten thousand souls, which is certainly a moderate estimate of labor, it would need only the sending forth of one hundred thousand to reach the populations of the globe; and if we allow an annual expense of \$500 to each one of these missionaries, it would require only the sum of \$50,000,000 every year. That is to say, an offering in men equal to the patriotic army which marched with General Sherman from Atlanta to the sea, and an offering in money equal to one-quarter the interest of our national debt, would suffice to do the work. Is this estimate, one which reaches beyond the power of the evangelical Christians of America? Leaving out of view the efforts and resources of the Church in other lands, is there lack of ability among us, in this land, to accomplish as much as this for Christ? Why, it is only that one out of sixty of Christ's professed disciples be devoted to this work. It is only that a tithe of the superfluous expenditures of the Church of God should be cast into the treasury of Missions. Will any warm Christian heart call in question the claim of the Lord Jesus to so much of effort and money from his ransomed Church for such an end, the very end for which the Church is organized and set among the nations? Or can any one question that if the work were once undertaken upon such a scale, it would be speedily accomplished? Have we not been taught, by our national experience, the amazing power which lies undeveloped in a nation like our own; until some great emergency arises, and a deep enthusiasm stirs the souls of men to attempt achievements, which were utterly impossible without such devotion? And is it extravagant to entertain the thought that a devotion to the cause of Christ like that which saved the nation from the power of the destroyer, would be speedily rewarded with successes which would bring the latter day of glory upon the earth?

It is, then, the solemn thrilling truth that the Church of Christ, in the present generation, has the power to impart the gospel of salvation to the world. There are means enough and men enough at her command; all that is really needed is the burning heart, the earnest will, the obedient trust in God.—Rev. R. R. Booth, D. D.

BELSHAZZAR IN PARIS.

If we may trust the glowing account that has been brought to us by the cable, of the ceremony at the distribution of prizes at the Paris Exposition by the French Emperor—few more splendid pageants can have been witnessed by the present generation. Seventy-one thousand people assembled in the great central hall of the building, crowded every passage of approach, and loaded every balcony, and the surge of an ocean of outsiders beat for long hours against the walls of the Imperial Gasometer. When the magnificent procession, with its high stepping horses, its gilded carriages, its mounted soldiery, its Generals in uniform, its ladies arrayed like the lilies of the field, and Solomon to boot, its princes and potentates, had reached the Hall of Ceremony, it would seem that everything this earth has of luxury and grandeur was centered in that single spot. High on a throne of royal state, which far outshone the wealth of Ormus or of Ind, the Emperor exalted sat. On one side was the Empress in white satin and silver lace, with pearls and diamonds about her throat, and one great gem that told her beats of heart in flashes of an imperial ray. On the other sat Haroun al Raschid, or what is left of him, and about the skirts of these three lights of empire there gathered a crowd of princes, princelings, nobles, dignitaries, statesmen, officials, lackeys, and so on, till, at a vast remove, one began to feel the existence of the swarming people of Paris and the world: And while the eye took in this manifold spectacle, there burst into sound the hitherto dumb, expectant instruments of the band of twelve hundred musicians; a wonderful embroidery of flute, and violin, and harp, and trumpet, on a background of rolling organ harmony, fringed with the jangling music of joy-bells. Then, when silence fell again; the Emperor stood up in his high place, and made a speech, so pure, and good, and wise, that one marvels as he reads it whether the old legends may not be true that tell how a man's own spirit was sometimes rapt out of his body, for a season, while an angel or a demon took the vacant place and blessed or cursed out of the unaccustomed lips.

One curious incident that occurred just at this moment the cable, doubtless for fear of injuring the harmony of the narrative, omits to mention. When Mr. Hughes, the inventor of the Printing Telegraph, was called up to receive his prize, the Emperor took his hand, making him an exception to all the other recipients of medals. Mr. Hughes, as he touched the Imperial finger, slipped into the august palm of his serene Highness a little bit of paper containing the last message received by the cable and printed by the machine for which he was just being decorated. It contained these words: "Maximilian is shot. His last words were, 'Poor Carlotta!'" His Royal Serenity read the telegram, and immediately gave evidence of a fearful agitation. His cheek blanched, his hands trembled, and the diamonds on the Imperial garter quivered so in the sunlight that a shout arose from the admiring multitude. What the Emperor thought is, of course, not to be exactly known. But we may conjecture that he heard over all the shouts and music, above the booming of guns and the salvos of artillery, the single shot that was death to his insane ambition as to his deluded dupe, the single cry of a woman—young, beautiful, and good—answering to the last cry of her young husband—"Poor Carlotta!" "Poor Maximilian!" Where, in all this tumult of rejoicing, this

whirl of splendor, this pomp of luxury were the victims of his crafty and wicked lust of power? For the rest of his life he drags the bodies of these dead about with him. Wherever he goes, that pale face shall look at him as from out the cell where, in madness and utterest desolation, she is to drag out the remnant of life. When he looks into the face, still comely, of that wife of his he shall see, not her eyes, but another's, full of reproach too bitter and too silent to bear. He shall live; but, hard heart, dull conscience, low mind that he has—the heart shall feel, and the conscience shall prick, and the mind shall know that these victims are with him to the end. That shot he shall forever hear, and that cry. His judgment day is come, and all the pomp and splendor that he can gather about him shall not avail to hide him from himself.—N. Y. Tribune.

Rural Economy.

FEVERS AND FRUITS.

Let's have a little talk about orchards and gardens as life preservers. Many a farmer thinks he "can't fuss about a garden" with vegetables and small fruits in ample variety; hardly about an orchard, especially where apple trees. So he goes on to weightier matters of grain, or stock, or dairy, and eats potatoes, white bread, pork, and salt beef, all summer long; no fine variety of vegetables, no grateful berries, no luscious peaches or juicy cherries. By October, fever comes, or bowel complaints of some kind, or some congestive troubles most likely. He is laid up, work stops a month, the doctor comes, and he "drags round" winter, and the doctor's bill drags too. The poor wife, meanwhile, gets dyspeptic, constipated, has fever too perhaps, and she "just crawls around." What's the matter? They don't know, poor souls! Would they build a hot fire in July and shut the doors? Of course not—in their rooms; but they have done just that in their poor stomachs. How so? They have been eating all summer the heat-producing food fit for a cold season, but not for a warm one. A Greenlander can eat candles and whale fat, because they create heat. In January we are up toward Greenland—in climate. A Hindoo lives on rice, juicy fruits, and tropic vegetables, cooling and opening to the system. In July we move towards Hindostan, in a heat almost tropical. Diet must change too. Have apples, pears, cherries, etc., from the orchard every day, of early and late kinds. Let there be plenty of good vegetables, raspberries, strawberries, etc. It takes a little time and trouble, but it's the cheapest way to pay the doctor's bill. And, bless your dear soul these things taste good! You study what feed is good for pigs and cattle.—All right; but wife and childre are of higher consequence; and it's a shame if, with all our great gifts of intellect and intuition, we do not obey the Divine laws in our own physical being so well that the doctor shall visit the house less than the horse-doctor goes to the barn. Don't fail to eat vegetables, berries, and fruits. Try it, and you'll say we haven't told half the truth.—Rural New Yorker.

SHEEP SHEARING BY MACHINERY.

We have long been of the opinion that no machine would ever be invented that would take the place of the old-fashioned and time-honored sheep shears. This opinion, we believe, is generally entertained at the present time. Such is the nature of the work to be done, such the irregularities, such the movable and moving condition of the surface of a sheep's body, that the idea of taking the fleece from it by a machine has been regarded as entirely impracticable. Of late, however, we have been obliged to modify this opinion very much. Mr. R. T. Smith, of Nashua, N. H., has invented and patented a machine to which we have given two trials the present season, and have never been more pleasantly disappointed in the working of any labor-saving machine we have ever seen.

The machine is not yet perfected, it is just where the mowing machine was when it was first tried; but we are confident—as were many intelligent and competent judges who witnessed its operations—that Mr. Smith has got hold of the right principle, and that ultimately he will make a complete success of his enterprise. You can shear as closely as you please—so closely as to give the skin a reddened look, or you can leave the "stubble" of any desired length. Not only will it shear more closely than shears, but in a practised hand it will do it more evenly. It does not cut the sheep as badly as men generally cut them with shears. We saw it take the wool from the neck of as rinky a buck as is generally found in any flock of Merinos, making hardly a scratch. We predict for it perfect success.

The old shears may now be hung up alongside of the old scythes, except they may be needed for "tagging" and to clip out round the buck's horns. Go and see it all who can. The thing itself will pay any one for a considerable amount of trouble, to say nothing of the work it does. It is among the wonders of modern inventions.—Mirror and Farmer.

HOW TO JUDGE THE CHARACTER OF A HORSE BY OUTWARD APPEARANCES.

C. L. Thayer says:—I offer the following suggestions as the result of my close observation and long experience. If the color be light sorrel or chestnut, his feet, legs, and face white—these are marks of kindness. If he is broad and full between the eyes, he may be depended on as a horse of good sense, and capable of being trained to anything; as respects such horses, the more kindly you treat them, the better you will be treated in return. Nor will a horse of this description stand a whip if well fed. If you want a safe horse, avoid one that is dish faced. He may be so far gone as not to scare, but he will have to tug much go ahead

in him to be safe with everybody. If you want a fool, but a horse of great bottom, get a deep bay without a white hair about him. If his face is a little dished so much the worse. Let no man ride such a horse that is not an expert rider; they are always tricky and unsafe. If you want one that will never give out, never buy a large overgrown one. A black horse cannot stand heat, nor a white one cold. If you want a gentle horse, get one with more or less white about the head, the more the better. Selections thus made are of great docility and gentleness.

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CLIMAX.

A plain statement of facts. Inherited Scrofula, and many of my relations have died of it. In 1839 my case was frightful. Tumors and ulcers spread, until in 1842, under the advice of my physicians I went to Avon Springs. I received no benefit—tried every medicine and did every thing I could. I had to rest my arm on a cushion, and had not been able to raise it to my head for over a year. The discharge from two ulcers was nearly a pint a day. Amputation was recommended; but pronounced dangerous. I could not sleep, and my sufferings were intolerable. A friend brought me an English physician who applied a salve, with which he said he had accomplished extraordinary cures in the hospitals in England. It commenced to relieve; I persisted in its use; it finally effected a perfect and entire cure. It is now 1848. It is five years since I had the appearance of a scrofulous sore, and my health has been good ever since. I procured the recipe of this wonderful article—this blessing of humanity—and have called it "Pain's Climax Salve," and allow the public to use it or not as they choose. This is a brief but candid statement, given more fully in my circular.

New York, Oct. 16, 1856.

"I have known J. M. Page, Esq., of Geneva, N. Y., for many years. He is one of the first citizens of Western New York. I saw him last week in good health. His case was a most remarkable one, but actually true in every particular.

(Signed) DEMAS BARNES. We have watched the unsaid but growing favor of "PAGE'S CLIMAX SALVE," and availing ourselves of the knowledge of its wonderful curative powers, have become proprietors of the same.

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